

The Florence Tribune.

VOL. VI.

FLORENCE, PINAL COUNTY, ARIZONA, SATURDAY, JULY 24, 1897.

NO. 30.

Across the Continent on the Stearns.

NEARLY 4,000 MILES WITHOUT A BREAK.
400 RIDERS—400 WHEELS.
NOTHING BUT STEARNS BICYCLES RIDDEN.

THE Journal-Examiner Yellow Fellow Relay finished Sept. 7, in the marvelous time of 13 days, was the greatest cycling event ever originated, and its successful execution demonstrates the strength and speed of the Stearns as these virtues have never before been established for any bicycle. This ride over trails, mountain passes, rocks, boulders, railroad ties, desert and cactus fields in such time is simply marvelous, and it stands to the credit of the Stearns, whose makes originated and successfully executed the relay.

The way to do it is to do it on the Stearns.

E. C. STEARNS & COMPANY, MAKERS,

BUFFALO, N. Y.

SYRACUSE, N. Y.

PARIS, FRANCE.

TORONTO, ONTARIO.

K. L. HART, Agent,

Tucson, Arizona.

RAIL ROAD TIME TABLES

Santa Fe, Prescott & Phoenix R'y Co.

WITH THE

SANTA FE SYSTEM

Is the Shortest

And Quickest Route

To Denver, Kansas City, St. Louis, Chicago

And all points EAST.

S. F., P. & P. TIME TABLE, NO. 22,

Effective May 31, 1897.

| Days. | Through Time Card. | Days. |
|-----------|------------------------------------------------|-----------|
| Monday | 5:00 p.m. San Francisco. ar. 6:15 p.m. Tucson. | Tuesday |
| Tuesday | 10:30 a.m. Mohave. ar. 11:45 a.m. Tucson. | Wednesday |
| Wednesday | 7:00 a.m. San Diego. ar. 8:15 a.m. Tucson. | Thursday |
| Thursday | 10:30 a.m. Los Angeles. ar. 11:45 a.m. Tucson. | Friday |
| Friday | 10:30 a.m. Barstow. ar. 11:45 a.m. Tucson. | Saturday |
| Saturday | 11:00 a.m. The Needles. ar. 12:15 p.m. Tucson. | Sunday |
| Sunday | 11:00 a.m. Kingman. ar. 12:15 p.m. Tucson. | |
| Monday | 11:00 a.m. Ash Fork. ar. 12:15 p.m. Tucson. | |
| Tuesday | 11:00 a.m. Phoenix. ar. 12:15 p.m. Tucson. | |
| Wednesday | 11:00 a.m. Chicago. ar. 12:15 p.m. Tucson. | |
| Thursday | 11:00 a.m. St. Louis. ar. 12:15 p.m. Tucson. | |
| Friday | 11:00 a.m. Kansas City. ar. 12:15 p.m. Tucson. | |
| Saturday | 11:00 a.m. Denver. ar. 12:15 p.m. Tucson. | |
| Sunday | 11:00 a.m. Albuquerque. ar. 12:15 p.m. Tucson. | |
| Monday | 11:00 a.m. El Paso. ar. 12:15 p.m. Tucson. | |
| Tuesday | 11:00 a.m. Fort Worth. ar. 12:15 p.m. Tucson. | |
| Wednesday | 11:00 a.m. Dallas. ar. 12:15 p.m. Tucson. | |
| Thursday | 11:00 a.m. Houston. ar. 12:15 p.m. Tucson. | |
| Friday | 11:00 a.m. New Orleans. ar. 12:15 p.m. Tucson. | |
| Saturday | 11:00 a.m. Mobile. ar. 12:15 p.m. Tucson. | |
| Sunday | 11:00 a.m. Savannah. ar. 12:15 p.m. Tucson. | |

S. board Passenger No. 2, No. 1

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THE EXPLOITS OF BRIGADIER GERARD

How the Brigadier held the King.

BY A. CONAN DOYLE.

(Continued.)
But all the time I was taking the very keenest notice of everything which might possibly help me. I am not a man who would lie like a sick horse waiting for the farrier's hammer and the poleax. First I would give a little tug at my ankle cords, and then another at those that were around my wrists, and all the time I was trying to loosen them I was peering round to see if I could find something which was in my favor. There was one thing which was very evident. A hussar is but half formed without a horse, and there was my other half quietly grazing within thirty yards of me. Then I observed yet another thing. The path by which we had come over the mountains was so steep that a horse could only be led across it slowly and with difficulty, but in the other direction the ground appeared to be more open, and to lead straight down into a gently sloping valley. Had I but my feet in yonder stirrups and my sabre in my hand, a single bold dash might take me out of the power of these vermin of the rocks.

I was still thinking it over and straining with my wrists and my ankles when their chief came out from his grotto and after some talk with his lieutenant, who lay groaning near the fire, they both nodded their heads and looked across at me. He then said



"COL. GERARD SHALL HAVE A DEATH OF HIS OWN."

some few words to the band, who clapped their hands and laughed uproariously. Things looked ominous, for I was delighted to feel that my hands were so far free that I could easily slip them through the cords if I wished. But with my ankles I feared that I could do nothing, for when I strained it brought such pain into my lance wound that I had to gnaw my mustache to keep from crying out. I could only lie still, half free and half bound, and see what turn things were likely to take.



HE SAID A FEW WORDS TO THE BAND.

tree up on one side of the glade, and tied a rope around the top of the trunk. He then fastened another rope in the same fashion to a similar tree on the other side. The two loose ends were now dangling down, and I waited with some curiosity and just a little trepidation to see what they would do next. The whole band pulled upon one of the ropes until they had bent the strong young tree down into a semi-circle, and they then fastened it to a stump, so as to hold it so. When they had bent the other tree down in a similar fashion, the two summits were within a few feet of each other, though, as you understand, they would each spring back to their original position the instant that they were released. I already saw the diabolical plan which those miscreants had formed.

"I presume that you are a strong man, colonel," said the chief, coming toward me with his hateful smile.
"If you will have the kindness to loosen these cords," I answered, "I will show you how strong I am."
"We were all interested to see whether you were as strong as these two young saplings," said he. "It is our intention, you see, to tie one end of each rope round your ankles and then to let

stirrup, but was in the seat in a single bound. I tore the halter from the tree, and before those villains could so much as snap a pistol at me I was beside the English officer.

"I surrender to you, sir," I cried, though I dare say my English was not much better than his French. "If you will look at that tree to the left you will see what these villains do to the honorable gentlemen who fall into their hands."

The fire had flared up at the moment, and there was poor Vidal exposed



THERE WAS POOR VIDAL BEFORE THEM.

before them, as horrible an object as one could see in a nightmare. "Godam!" cried the officer, and "Godam!" cried each of the four troopers, which is the same as with us when we cry "Mon Dieu!" Out rushed the five seconds and the four men closed up. One who wore a sergeant's chevrons laughed and clapped me on the shoulder. "Fight for your skin, froggy," said he.

Ah! it was so fine to have a horse between my thighs and a weapon in my grip. I waved it above my head and shouted in my exultation. The chief had come forward, with that odious smiling face of his.

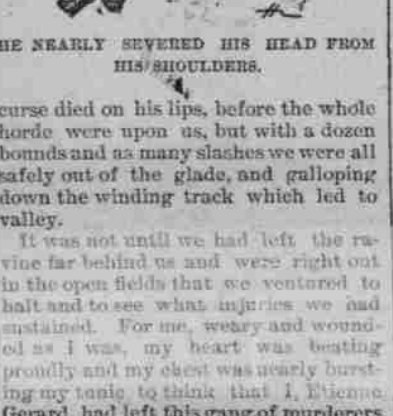
"Your excellency will observe that this Frenchman is our prisoner," he said.

"You are a rascally robber," said the Englishman, shaking his sword at him. "It is a disgrace to us to have such allies. By the Lord, if the general were of my mind we would swing you up to the nearest tree."

"But my prisoner," said the brigand, in his savage voice.

"Just a word in your ear before you take him."

He approached the young officer, and then, turning as quick as a flash, he fired his pistol in my face. The bullet scored its way through my hair and burst a hole on each side of my bushy. Seeing that he had missed me, he raised the pistol and was about to hurl it at me, when the English sergeant, with a single backhanded cut, nearly severed his head from his body. His blood had not reached the ground, nor the last



HE NEARLY SEVERED HIS HEAD FROM HIS SHOULDERS.

course died on his lips, before the whole horde were upon us, but with a dozen bounds and as many slashes we were all safely out of the glade, and galloping down the winding track which led to valley.

It was not until we had left the ravine far behind us and were right out in the open fields that we ventured to halt and to see what injuries we had sustained. For me, weary and wounded as I was, my heart was beating proudly and my chest was nearly bursting with my desire to think that I, Etienne Gerard, had left this gang of murderers so much by which to remember me.

My faith, they would think twice before they ventured again to lay hands upon one of the Third Hussars. So carried away was I that I made a small oration to these brave Englishmen and told them who it was that they had helped to rescue. I would have spoken of glory and of the sympathies of brave men, but the officer cut me short.

"That's all right," said he, "any injuries, sergeant?"

"Trooper Jones' horse hit with a pistol bullet on the fetlock."

"Trooper Jones to go with us. Sergeant Halliday with troopers Harvey and Smith to keep to the right until they touch the videttes of the German hussars."

So these three jingled away together, while the officer and I, followed at some distance by the trooper whose charger had been wounded, rode straight down in the direction of the English camp. Very soon we had opened our hearts, for we each liked the look of the other from the beginning. He was of the nobility, this brave lad, and he had been sent out scouting by Lord Wellington to see if there were any signs of our advancing through the mountains. It is one advantage of a wandering life like mine, that you learn



ROYAL BAKING POWDER
Absolutely Pure.

Colored for its great leavening strength and healthfulness. Assures the food against all adulteration common to the cheap brands. ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.

to pick up those bits of knowledge which distinguish the man of the world.

I have, for example, hardly ever met a Frenchman who could repeat an English title correctly. If I had not traveled I should not be able to say with confidence that this young man's real name was Milor Hon. Sir Russell Bart, this last being an honorable distinction, so that it was as the Bart that I usually addressed him, just as in Spanish one might say "the Don."

As we rode beneath the moonlight in the lovely Spanish night we spoke our minds to each other, as if we were brothers. We were both of us, you see, both of the light cavalry and the Sixteenth light dragoons was his regiment; and both with the same hopes and ambitions. Never before I learned to know a man so quick as I did the Bart. He gave me the address of a girl whom he had loved in a garden called Vauxhall and for my part I spoke to him of little Carole of the opera. He took a look of hair from his bosom, and I a quiver. Then we nearly quarreled over hussar and dragoon, for he was absurdly proud of his regiment, and you should have seen him curl his lip and clap his hand to his hip when I said that I hoped it might never be its misfortune to come in the way of the Third.

CHAPTER V.

Finally he had a look of that

such stories of the money which he had

lost over which of two cocks could kill

the other, or which of two men could

strike the other the most in a fight for

a prize, that I was filled with astonish-

ment. He was ready to bet upon any-

thing in the most wonderful manner, and

when I chanced to see a shooting star

he was anxious to bet that he would

see more than me, twenty-five

francs a star, and it was only when I

explained that my purse was in the

hands of the brigands that he would

give over the idea.

Well, we chattered away in this very

amiable fashion until the day began to

break, when suddenly we heard a great

volley of musketry from somewhere in

the front of us. It was very rocky and

broken ground, and I thought, al-

though I could see nothing, that a gen-

eral engagement had broken out. The

Bart laughed at my idea, however, and

explained that the sound came from the

English camp, where every man

carried his piece each morning, so as

to make sure of having a deer's head

in his hands.

"In another mile we shall be up with

the outposts," said he.

I glanced around at this and I per-

ceived that we had trotted along at so

good a pace during the time that we

were keeping up our pleasant talk that

the dragon with the lance was now

altogether out of sight. I was on

every side, but in the whole of that

vast rocky valley there was not a soul

except the Bart and I—both of us, you

understand, and both of us well

mounted. I began to feel myself, whether after all it was quite neces-

sary that I should ride that mile which

would bring me to the British out-

posts.

(To be Continued.)

The Winner

of one of those \$100 prizes got

her yellow tickets in this way:

1. By using the tea herself.

2. By asking some friends

who use the tea to give her

their tickets.

3. By inducing some friends

to try the tea and give her their

tickets.

One of her friends kept a

boarding house, and sent her

lots of tickets.

Haven't you some friend

who keeps a boarding house or

a restaurant, or who has in-

fluence in some hospital or

other public institution? They

need good tea there.

Rules of contest in large advertisement about first and middle of the month. AA